Before marking some of these "Side Lights"

let us, with the help of ana furnished by one of Woodnow's many friends, toil the reader something of the au hor, who is a genuine workingman, if t ere ever was one, and who, from his uniting the incessant exercise of practical beneffcence with a life of the hardest manual toil, is pretty widely known as the "Samaritan of We suppose that there are persons in the world who, looking at the range of his peregrigations, the frequency of his privations, and the humble nature of most of his vocations, would designate Fred Woodrow, as they would have been certain to designate St. Paul or John Banyan, as a tramp. No vagrant tent maker was poorer, no travelling tinker over had to journey further for employment, Woodrow, the son of a British private sol-dier, was bred a bookbinder, but he tried his hand at many minor tra los la many countries, and he has been as glad to earn his daily bread and share it with another in the hard trea imill of unskilled as from the fitful profits of skilled labor. He has been a common sailor in the German Opens, the Atlantic, the Levant, and the Caribbean. He came over to this country in the storage and passed a night upon a bench in Castle Garden-or. rather, he gave up his bench to two lorn Irish inssies who had no money and no friends. He has delved in the coal mines of Pennsylvania. he has swung the axe among the lumbermen of Canada, he has worked as a roustabout on estern railways, he has footed it across three States. He has always managed to support. besides himself, an aged mother, and he has lived upon the principle in all his commerce with his fellows that what was enough for two could be made to serve for three. has seldom been able to see food ahead for many days, but he has always found time to others and to set them in the path of chearful, self-respectful labor and a and kindly way of life. From his youth up he has been a writer of folk songs and homely homilies, a field preacher, a camp lecturer. a stump advocate of practicable progress and peaceable reform. His "Kit Tracts" have gone round the world with the British marching regiments, and hundreds that never heard his name have felt the moral beauty and serenity, and known a twinge of sorrow at the hardship, revealed in verses that he called Break o'Day" and in his "Ode to the Nazarine." Woodrow is, in brief, what we have termed him, a wandering comforter of labor, a tramp ovangelist,

Now let us see what aspects of the labor problem are coared up, or partially at least brought out of shadow, by suggestions that he modestly undervalues as "side lights." The reader will recognize that this workingman is not only a poet and philanthropist but an active and sturdy thinker, and a master of the written word. Take this on the "dignity of labor"old truths stamped freshly from the mint of a truth searcher and truth practiser: "Work is not, as many suppose, restricted to the use of a pickaxe, the hammer of a forge, or the tail of a plough; it is everywhere, and more or less known to every one. It is ordained that all faculties and parts of our common nature have to exercise the strength that tires and the toll *bet exhausts ere we own an ounce of mental all alike in the leathers of a common harness. There is a false sentiment among us regarding this matter that keeps on its lips the old Judale sneer, 'Is not this the carpenter's son?' It poisons and distorts our conception of honor and true dignity. So we lift a hat to an aristocratic rake, and pass without notice the grander man than he who has blisters on his hands, but none on his character. Even in the temple of God the reverence for jewelry and silks, cologne and real estate shuts off for a back seat and a cold welcome the poorer worshipper, who, driving rivets six days in the week, forgets neither his clean shirt nor his duty on the seventh. The prevalence and magnitude of this mammon worship and shame of servitude is one of our most momentous perils. It saps the fabric of society; it builds a wall where heaven had never laid a brick. * * hands of freemen. 'The dignity of labor' is not a catch phrase, but an oternal vority. It may blacken in a mine and blister at a furnace; it may be roughly clad, and not up to the otimansion manners, but in what it does, and in what it is, and in what it yet is to the horns when he professes to have discovbe, lie the safety and procress of society. writer remembers, when working as a hired hand with a French Canadian, and busily scraping a hog at the scalding-tubs, the sturdy semi-Galite backwoodsman expressed his surprise at my contente lness at my task, remarking that he could not 'make itout' that I should be as earnest and cheerful beside a scaldphilosophy of the thing was to him a mystery, and moreover, a novelty. He was there and then instructed that it was not the work made the man but the man that made the work, and that duty recognized no distinction of the spirit between one kind of work and another. He gave me his hand, all blood and bristles, and acknowledged the principle to be the only one that gave dignity to work. I hold

Let not those labor reformers, who deem that in the present condition of the social world a and meek, too busied in plucking out case of an assertion so far-reaching and mug-

to this doctrine still, and that in its inentaction

lies one of the regenerating elements of the

will be found its emancipation and its future."

the mote that may obscure the sight of labor, to measure the dimensions of the benm that blocks the capitalist's vision. Note, rather, what he says on the lack of humanity in the employers of labor: "Sentiment in business is practically ignored, as out of place and fatal to success. This fact of itself is one of the many causes that promote discontent, class enmittes, and the ovil spirit that broods over the cockatrice's east to hatch a reptile. Humanity is needed more than law to heal the breach in industrial relationships. I can best illustrate this by facts. Speaking to a railway superintendent one wet day of the need of a few shingles to shelter the freight handlers, he gave me in reply the business axiom, that it might be well for the sheet-iron being then unloaded, but as for the men, if they had a wet shirt or the rheumatism it was not his business to care, as men were cheaper than the cost of more shingles. Seeing an eminent capitalist one; on the same matter-one of his men being then en his deathbed from asthma contracted from exposure, which could be obviated in the future by a few planks and nailshe saw his duty and did it; but there is a grave and a widow left to mark the lack of humans thoughtfulness in even a great and good man. From that fact, in a series of notes prepared on labor topics for the same employer, I advocates of labor. On the part of the reform- bronched to him the somewhat startling doc- asm, would have made a deeper impression trine that compensation for neglect and accident would yet be recognized as a local requirement. I have lived to see that doctrine incorporated in the laws of Great ingmen, but from speculative theorists. We say | Britain, I advocated the same principle in a saw mill in Canada, where a piece of board and a few natts would protect the workmen from a enounced by one who is himself no capitalist. | cog wheel or a saw. The proprietor thought me a 'fool' and a 'chicken'-such sentiment in a saw mill was outrageous an I sickly. A experience, of grinding toil? Still, there is a few days after I saw him leading a stalwart keen, a widespread, and perfectly intelligible. Highland Scotchman to a wagen, his right face at least, would seem irresistible, he would hand hanging by a piece of skin to his wrist. taken off by an unprotected lath saw; the proprictor's eye met mine, and his face reddened to his cars-the red brand of negligence, like

> Woodrow goes on to exemplify from his own experience how this inhuman reck-lessness is aggravated by its imitation on the part of employees and understrap-pers. "Overseers and bosses are confessedly selected for their driving power The capacity of a man to act as a rawhide and a tin horn may be utilized in increasing the output of a quarry or a mine, and in some cases may be an absolute need, but as a rule it is indicative of the spirit pervading industrial business-a second-hand, vicarious tyranny, in which the responsibility is ostensibly deputized but in which the injouity is a partnership asset. The writer of this has sears on his body that are interesting illustrations of this kind of bossism-fattening on sixty dollars a month by virtue of the qualifications of profanity and heartlessness. These man-propellers are supposed to be the scapegoats of corporation sins, but non-responsibility is a flat-footed horosy as pernicious as communism, and as serious i menace to the public good." We quote one more allusion to a familiar exhibition of corporate barbarity. "In railway service there are numbers of minor accidents that could be immediately attended to if appliances were kept on hand in cabooses and freight houses; and as a satire on a huge corporation, it was left to a roustabout this roustabout, although his name is here not mentioned, was Woodrow himself] who had fractured a rib, crushed a foot, mangled a finger, and dislocated a knee joint, to prepare and provide a leather pouch in which he kept open to all linen and lint, arnica sticking plaster, &c. This pouch, since popu larly known as 'Fred's Pouch,' is a piece of necessary furniture in every place where accidents are possible."

the mark of Cain, under his cap."

111.

It should now be clear enough that this man is qualified by suffering to speak for labor. He has drained the workman's cup of hardship and heartburning to the dregs. But does be therefore, like a tortured thing, turn in wrath on his tormenter? Does his harsh and sour experience of human nature make him regard with hatred and malignity the luckier members of his kind? Is he eager to pull down, root up, plough under and burn over, if only equality henceforth may stalk unshadowed on the scorched and treeless soil? Is there anything destructive, nibilistic, anarchic, in his aims and in his proposals? Not at all. He believes that a sufficient remedy for almost all of the injustice, spoliation, and oppression in human society is to be found in arbitration. But not let us hasten to subjoin, an arbitration planned and managed in a spirit of coliusion, circumvention, and chicane. The arbitration he contemplates is to be conceived and carried out in a spirit of forbearance, of willing self-renunciation, of brotherly regard-such arbitration as was practised among the early followers of Christ, when Christian litigants were strangers to the Roman courts; such arbitration as is still invoked with pious satisfaction in the So clety of Friends. Thus we see that it is no abstract principle of arbitration from which wonders are expected, but that this evangelist of labor has no meaner aim than to transform us into arbitrators worthy of the office by insisting on Christ's teachings, even those that seem most visionary and most remote from orthodox economy and the whole trend of modern life, as the only practicable basis of a bumane civilization. In other words, this representative of the toiling proletariat, starting from the humblest level of the British social world, and Count Lee Tolatel, setting out from the highest plane of Muscovite society, bave moved by paths which, though at first sight devious and distant, were converging, and have met at last upon the mount where words of peace and loving kindness fell from the lips of the man Jesus.

Is There a Key to Ancient American History To assume the existence of anything fairly describable as civilization on the American continent before the discovery by Columbus is, of course, to beg the very question in dispute between the credulous and wonderstricken readers of the Spanish chroniclers and the severely critical, not to say skeptical. conclusions of many recent investigators at first hand. Yet this assumption is made by Mr. AUGUSTUS LE PLONGEON in his book, Sacred Mysteries Among the Mayas, which records what he believes to be legitimate deductions from his prolonged researches in Central

America. Now, although cautious archnologists may well hesitate to accept many of the writer's propositions touching the extreme antiquity This chain cannot rattle forever on the and high grade of the Maya civilization, its relationship to the oldest civilization evolved in the Nile valley, and its anticipation of certain rites and symbols now associated with Free Masonry, yet the most skeptical must own that he takes the bull by ered the key to the Mays inscriptions, and affirms that the characters are substantially identical with the hieratic alphabet of the Egyptians. It has always been admitted even by the most reserved and circumspect explorers of prehistoric America that the highest level of social and artistic development evreached by the indigenous inhabitants of this ontinent was probably attained in Yucatan giving a lecture in the old schoolhouse the and Guatemain, and that there, if anywiere, may have been evolved a written language that decisive mark and touchstone of a true civilization, which was lacking in Peru, in Bogots, and in Mexico. It is the challenge to meet this severeign test that Mr. Le Piongeon has accopted. He asserts that the Mayas did have a written language, and that he is abl read it. He thinks he has been able to educe from the inscriptions an alphabet, which he has printed side by side with the Egyptian hieratic alphabet formulated by Champoliton labor difficulty. In this higher morals of labor the younger and by Bunsen. Between these

> a striking similarity. We fear that rather too much is asked of the

niloquent as the claim to have discovered and deciphered the only alphabet known to indigenous Americans, the utmost to be hoped for at the outset is to win the serious attention of fellow investigators in the same or a like field. Obviously only specialists are competent to verify his materials, and we know from the heated controversies which have raged among Assyriologists and Egyptologists that exparts may differ about a thing so simple as the transcription of engraved or pictured characters. Then, again, when the data have been thoroughly sifted and certifled, when there is a general agreement that the characters to be deciphered are correctly reproduced. each ensuing step in the process by which the meaning of the symbols is to be egucleated must be taken in accordance with approved principles and methods, must in such a case as the alleged unlocking of the Maya literary records command the sanction of adepts in paleography and in philology. It is for proficients in the special sciences concerned to say whether Mr. Le Piengeon has made out a prima facie case strong enough to make it

worth their while to carefully verify his data and scrutinize the use he makes of them. We cannot help thinking that this book which does unquestionably represent a great deal of hard work, and of creditable enthusiupon those readers whose attention is alone worth securing, if he had held back some fanciful inferences and spoculations and confined himself to a sober demonstration of the exis-tence of a Maya alphabet, of the correctness of his translation of it, and of the points of re semblance between it and the hieratic charactors of Egypt. Had he striven simply to array in support of these three posttions-every one of which is paradoxical and have made his work the focus of archaeological inspection, and might have been credited with one of the three great achievements of the century in hermoneutical discovery.

As a matter of fact, we are confronted in this volume by a strange tearth of relevant and cogent evidence for the fundamental statements on which the whole structure of strange deduction and conjecture has been reared. Most of Mr. La Piongeon's conclusions turn on the pivotal assertion that he has discovered and deciphered a Maya alphabet, but we search his book in vain for anything that scientists would regard as proof of the averment. It may be that the author, who undoubtedly has devoted some twoive years to his researches in Central America, has such proof, but has reserved it for publication at another time. But in that case he must permit us to say that he has misconceived the order in which his interesting discoveries ought to be divulged. He should convince us that he has found the key before he lays bare "Mysteries" which, as he alleges, it unlocks.

Book Notes.

Charles Kingsley's "Alton Locke" forms No. 83 of Harper's Handy Series.

Harper's Handy Series.

Mrs. Inchboid's agreeable noveletie, "Nature and
Art," is in Casseli's "National Library."

"Ogilvio's Popular Reading for August" (J. S. Ogilvie & Co.) comprises seven complete stories and the poems of Oscar Wilds. The Appletons have published "Numbers Hiustrated,"

by And ew J. Rickoff and E. C. Davis, an arithmetic for rimary schools, with finely executed wood cuts. T. B. Peterson A Brothers (Philadelphia) publish Mrs. Southworth's "Missing Bride; or, Miriam, the Avengor," a well constructed novel, literally crammed with ex-

iting adventures.
"The Open Air" (Harper's Handy Series) is the name appropriately given to a collection of brief but charm-ing papers, contributed by litchard Jefferies to various English periodicis. They litustrate in a sympathetic spirit rural and urban life under many aspects. Under the title of "The Battle for Bread," I. S. Ogli-

vie & Co. publish a series of sermons by the Rev. T. De Witt faimage, mainly devoted to the relations of capi-tal and inhor. The author has given full swing to his peculiar style, and tells some wholesome trails in a manuer to impress the wage earners whom he addresses Sarah Tytler is a practised novel writer, and he "Burned Diamonds" (Harper's Franklin Square Library) is a work of ability. Its chief famit is that it occupies just about twice the space necessary to develop the plot and claberate the characters. Had the author made the

necessary excisions, we should be inclined to call it one of the most successful stories of the season.

"Mr. Besmond, U. S. A," by John Coulter (A. C. McClurg & Go. Chicago, describes life at a Western military post with, we presume, tolerable accuracy, those features of it especially in which the exclusive, caste festing of army officers is most fully illustrated. There is no counterpart to this in the East, except in Washing-ton. The story is not a pleasant one, and there is ecarcely a character in which the render takes a hearty interest. The man who wins the heroine forms no exception

to this remark.
The fourth chapter of "John Ruskin's Autobiography" (Wiley & Sons) is devoted to his stay at Fontaineblean in 1849. There he bought Mr. Agassiz's famous book on "Fossil Fishes," and expresses a great contempt for it. The real genius converned in it, he says, was the lithes rapher's, and not the eccentific gentle he avera " was a mere blockhoad to have paid for a that good engraving of the nasty, ugly things, and it did not matter a stale herring to any mortal whether they

had any name or not."

A very readable volume is "Sketches of the Royal Irish Constabilizery," by Michael Brophly, an ex-Sergeant of the force (New York Catholic Publication Society). A brief description of the formation of this body, its uniform, grades, pay, and physique, is supplemented by host of racy anacdotes and sketches of eccentric per sonages, both officers and privates. Sub Inspector "H. B.," drawn from life, is equal to any character conceived by the fertile genius of Lever. Sergenti Brophy has produced one of the best summaries of Trish wit and humor recently offered to the public, "Gospel Faith Commended to Common Sense," by the

late John Leighton, D. D. (Funk & Wagnalis), is intended the author says, "for the common people," because "with that great class is the home of common sense." He writes with common lable clearness of style and directness of statement, and maintains that it is good seuse to suppose that God would probably make a reve lation in the language of men, and that it is common sense to conclude that what is made known by reversa-tion alone we should receive, resting solely on God's authority-that is, by faith singly and unpropped.

The most recent issue of the "Olden Time Series," published by Ticknor & Co., is entitled "Quaint and Co-rious Advertisements." It is made up of extracts from Boston and Salem papers of the last century and the early years of this, with fac-similes of the rude wood cuts tolerated by our ancestors, which illustrate many varieties of colonial manners and industries. It is curi-ous to read in the Colonialist Centines of Boston, of 1805. the advertisement of Winthrop Sargent, who offers reward of fifty dollars for the return of his negro slave Sancho, "born and educated in his master's house, and a most accomplished servant for a gentleman of a family.

QUEER WRINKLES.

Office boy (to editor).—There is a man outside what says that he has a bill he wants to present. Editor—say to him that his manuscript is respectfully

Just Her bire.

"I think I wear twos," she simpered to the aker; "do I not?" , ma'am, "said the honest dealer, "you wear Then, under his breath; "One on each foot,"

Reporter (looking for items)-Anything new or fresh this enorming in the rational line?
Railroad Official (thoughtfully)—If im—let me see—yes,
hat pant you are learned against is new mid fresh, it
was only but on this mortifle.

A Curvature of the Beals,

She (looking at the new moon)-How beautiut it is, George: and what a graceful curve! He (dispuragingly) - Ye en. He corre in graceful ut it doesn't compare with one of Welch's or Keele's. A Matter of Chotes.

Young Lady (in bookstore)-Have you "David disperies of "
Proprietor (analous to make a sale) - We seem to be all at of "David cooperfield," but I can give you a copy for "Oliver I west "-written by the same mail.

Justly Celebrated.

"Do you know why we celebrate Washington's harming to asked Mr licentificated blaces Books; "why his involves is he moved more than them tone, for harming, t "this year" respected Bobby, accomply; "George Washington never told a lie."

The Trials of Farming. "I can't imagine what the trouble is with that cow," said a New York r who is giving his attenion to ampleur farming this season

POEMS WORTH READING.

Truck.

From Burger's Monthly
Ob, holy and eternal Truth! Thou art
An equanation of the Eternal Mind,
A glorious attribute, a nobic part
(It uncreated heigt. Who can find
By diligent sourching—who can find out thee,
The Incomprehensible, the Deity!

The human mind is a reflection caught.
From thes, a trembling sindow of the ray.
Thy glory be non around as, but the thought.
That beaven werd wings its daring flight away,
Estimbed and dark remeath the mounday sun.

The soul of man, though sighing after thee, Hall never known thee, eaving as it knows. The stars of feaven, whose glorous light we see; The star, whose radiance dazties as it glows—Something that is beyond as and above. The reach of human power, though not of human lo

Value to bilimphy may strive to teach. The recret of the being. Its faint ray. Miscudes our stells. Beyond the nimed reach of its mutric wing the eternal day. Of truth is shinke on the longing eye, Distant, unchanging, changeless, pure, and high. And yet thou hast not left thyself without A r-velation. All we feel and see Wilnin as and arount forbids to doubt, yet speaks so durkly and mysteriously of what we are and slight be eveninger; We doubt and yet besieve, and tremble and adore.

Gindstone. From the Judge.

Prom the Judge.

Defeated! What is defeat, rea to heart, to thee?

"In sign's endorsement of a might with.
The stern that we sit the intract yet to be.
The blast that higher lane the sacred dense.
For such defeat we similar man would do,
and yield our useless lives without a sign. In the hot streets before a jeering growd.
A man falls fainting 'heath a shower of stones,
The cries. "On, too; to it madman!" scho lond,
And drown his parting sign and dying groad.
The crowd disperse, content to see how lead,
Porgetting there still live the words be said.

The rack with creaking wheels tears limb from limb The executing victim dying obsurate.
And as the puls of denth fails over him.
And tyrains fluid a limit to their hale.
Rirange none can see their rack has failed to tear.
The new-born principle made holy there.

The fagots piled around the martyr's stake

Pools: Shall the blossom bar the doming seed, Or early waves keep tack the flowing tide. Or envious clow worms stay the lightings's speed, Or mists of morning membly's sunfight hide? Truth never yet was ripe and will not be, Her vast proportions spin eternity.

And all of these, the racked, the stoned, the burned, Upon the stores of that were higher waves. That, high excerting, older shore lines sourced. To make an era with their sacred graves. Too late a garand, collutin, or a crown. Adorus a mine the world has trampled down.

An Elective Course. IMES FOUND ANONG THE PAPERS OF A MARVARD UNDER GRADUATE.

From Harper's Monthly The bloom that lies on Fanny's check is all my latin, all my direk; The only schemes I know Are frowns that gloom and smiles that glow; kineria and Italy Lie in her sweet grography; ke schemership have I but such As teaches me to love her much.

At teaches me to tove her much. Why should I strive to read the skies. Who know the midnight of her eyes I No star that exims within the scope of linkering a feet telesco. A terreeven as an initial as where again, for stars and drough no tridge the claim. On the star of the star of

Linne, avanut I couly care
To know what flower she wants to wear.
I leave it to the child-resista!
To guess how pines arrainated.
As if it matired: I fine chaft thing
Is that we have then in the spring.
And Fain jikes them. When they come,
I straichtway as and jurchase some.
"The Origin of Pinish"—go to!
Their proper end I have in view.

O loveliest book that ever man O loveliest book that ever man Locked into since the world before I would be a le would be a le woman! As I turn those pages, As freen as in the primar agos. As day by day I scan, perplexit, The ever study changing text. I test that I am stockly growing To think an other book worth knowing. I that the hand of the book worth knowing. I think to things set down but such As teaches me to love it much.

T. B. A

T. B. ALDRICE

From the Philadelphia Call. Above the organ's highest note. I hear her dear voice ringing.
And I am specificant to the spot.
Though I don't know what they're singing.
I bearched her book to find her name,
Her earthly name, 'us Anon.
The meris must have thought that tame
When they sent down my seprano.

There's no place now like church for me,
They whitper I've grown points.
They know not how I wish to be
Bestie her skirt cut bias.
What care I though the twior drop
A on a cly tanona?
Bartone, a ito, all mey stop.
But leave my sweet coursno.

I have no eyes for men or things.
The section is but a jurgen;
I have no ears for him who single.
When she's not by the organ.
But when she cames the whole thing hums,
Juy swells like showering manns.
And, rather queer, no yon'd I hear
But hers, my dear soprains.

When she's not there the whole choir's wrong; 'The not for me to praise her; The country screens at through the song, And the base accounts still base. All when I mass her dear, dear face,

they were in some other place, I here with my soprano. William Lyln.

From the Boston Budget. I took her away to the sports of the West, Where Bullaio Bill presides; I bought her a boulques of poses, the best My Broadway florist provides. I found her a sent in the very front row,

From Cody, the eagle of all the show, To Daisy, the Texas bird. I told her the names of the l'awnes chief,

And the number in full of his squaws; I explained the clay pigeon's flight in brief, And the Windhester rifle's laws. I felt her tremble and crouchingly stoop, While her hand crasped light my own, When she heard the families yet; and the whoop, As the painted tribes charged down.

I noted the blash on her modest chack As past these warrows raced; For her eye observed, though she didn't speak, That some were underst to the waist.

"The Eagle that Screams," and "The Buil that Sits," And "The Bear that loves Green Gern," With other chiefs, hearly gave her fits, And I famy they roused her scorn.

But all the way home with a silent stare, She would never vouch afte a word, Though I tound her the ferryboat's softest chair, and called her my Prairie Bird. Yet though we both dired on Delmonico's best, With champagne our glasses toil; She only won't say, when hardest prest, "I'm thinking of sitting Buil."

From Ted Bitts.

He took her attent, and he wrote
A tender, continuental starga,
The starge of the star

At the Hop. From the Logion Courier.

With eyes as bright

As stars at right
And obests like flowers in bloom,
A vision form,
With withing air,
With withing air,
With withing around the room,
has whire around the room,
As lovely as a rose,
As lovely as a rose,
How proud is no,
The youth whom she
Is duncing with to-night!

What charming grace!
How fair her inter!
Her emise are like the dawn.
The queen of airse
Around else where
A symplomy in lawn.
A symplomy in lawn. As lovely as a rose,
As lovely as a rose,
As lovely as a rose,
Antherity too
They a the short onlight,
Is daneling with to night.

The Old and Bendly Joke.

From the Lyon Union. O the mediawal losses with their lossy observations, who came with old ancestral place from buried generators, we may be given the apparations from the acc of the stocking with the regendary halo of any me acceptables.

And our wild certain faces follows on, and pants and present themselves to be candidated in the fields and

an according reserving to with the regendary united and interpretation.

Journally executivities.

Journally executivities.

Journally executive forces follows on and panta and presses, through the Scanning with the delds and the termsts wheter executivities and variety with unwearfed Sanda state, and the gate, and variety, the unwearfed Sanda state, and the gate and variety of these temps classified when there there is a state of the and water red to an executive and reference, and and and overlan, journal to a nearly looke the backs of the ord November of the and Sanda pokes that killed the Antickat Shayt, Ostragolias, and What Alverdition.

hilled the ancient blert, Osiczagolia, and Wintdyconic emitime patroncina checknits, old as Morea and Medina,
caused simple compared on the ancient plane
of shiner for the proposes, bords, and sages of
the patroncina checknits, bords, and sages of
the patroncina checknits, bords, and sages of
the patroncina checknits, bords, and sages of
the patroncina checknits of the shekmah.

These ancient w through an their journeyings and
migrations come with bord upon their garments from the nursered generations measure,
and war, and fire petitlence and famine dire, have
not slain one-half the victims of these humorous
aggravations.

ADAM BADEAU.

ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

[Copyright, 1800, by A take Badwell.]

A Marning at a Country House. Breakfast is a delightful hour in England, for it is informal. Servants are often dispensed with altogether; people come in when the choose, no one waiting for another, and you may select your neighbor if you are in time. The women are fresh and simple in toilet, the sportsmen in knickerbackers and shooting suits, ready for the occupation of the day. It some houses the host and hosters sit at opposite ends of the long table, and one pours ten and the other coffee; in other mansions neither the host nor hostess is visible before lunch time. The table is spread only with fruit and bread, and possibly cold sweets, jellies and marmalade; perhaps a young lady of the family sits behind an egg boiler and cooks eggs for her friends;

The mail often arrives in the morning, and the letters may be at your plate when you come down. Or perhaps the bag is late, and the "post," as they call it, is brought into the room and distributed. Everybody opens and reads without any formality or excuse; they exchange news, receive invitations or regrets, and make arrangements for the day. Those who finish first leave when they will. Perhaps the visit of some guest is over; he makes his adjous at the table, and the party saunter to the windows to see him drive off. For the dining room is always on the ground floor; you can step from the windows to the terrace or the lawn. The landscape thus forms part of the furniture of the room, and the delicious outdoor verdure, the venerable trees and distant hills contrast in harmony with the pictures hills contrast in harmony with the pictures and the tabestry on the walls. A dining room in England is always a choice room, well lighted and large, and furnished appropriately for its purpose with sumptuous taste and careful luxury. The apartment where so many hours are spent is not to be put away in a corner, under a veranda, or at the rear. Often it opens into the conservatory, and the mass of foreign plants, the bir is and fountains, the palms and aloes constitute one entire side of the room. I always enjoyed the effect by day, when the outdoor beauties added their charm, more than the artificial spiendor of dinner and silver and candles.

but the substantial meats, hot and cold, are on

the sideboard, and the men get up and forage

for the ladies and themselves. The viands, of course, are abundant and delectable. An Eog-

lish breakfast is always substantial. In Scot-

land oatmeal porridge is never absent.

aloss constitute one entire side of the room. I always enjoyed the effect by day, when the outdoor beauties added their charm, more than the artificial spiendor of dinner and silver and candles.

If there is shooting, the party separates almost immediately: but you may be at a house before the season has begun, or after the first arder has abated, or the weather may be prohibitory. Or, if you are a foreigner, you may somotimes profer to remain and study country life with the ladies. The members of the family have their home duties; the mistress exercises some supervision, even in the grandest house; she must communicate at least with the cook and the housekeeper. She decides upon the mean, and assists sometimes in assigning the guest chambers. A statesman of the party stays indoors as well as you; he has his edicial papers to prepare even in the country. One hostess, I remember, was very proud because Mr. Motley composed the preface to John of Barneveid' underherror, the towite, and the drawing rooms are full of niches and nocks, where you are sure to find a comfortable chair and a convenient writing desk, so that you may converse with the prosent and the absent friends by turns. Everybody writes letters in public as well as reads them. Indeed, life goes on in society. The mothers instruct and reprove their daughters before the world, and private affairs become matters of general interest. The great are so used to being personages of importance to others than themselves, that they loss a certain touch of delicacy both in feeling and behavior.

If you incline to read, all the new books of the season are bring in abundance on the various tables; but the other daughters before the world, marriages predicted or trustrated, scandalous stories are told, and sometimes they say invented, for the amusement of the company. Oceasionally of a rainy day the peareses send for their jowels and compare corals and cameos, neckinees and thars, and magnificent shows I have seen at such times.

Being a fere gner, I sometimes strol

cratic sestiment for a while gave way to sympathy with royal wees.

The master of another great mansion spent a morning showing metons of the linest collections of china in the kingdom. A half running the entire depth of the house, longer, indeed, than many picture galleries, was filled exclusively with porcelain and faience. The collection had been made in France after the peace of Amions, and was formed for the most particular had been made in France after the peace of Amions, and was formed for the most particular had been made in the impoverished French noblesse of the period. There were Sèvres plaques painted for the marriage of Mario Antoinette, and later additions that had belonged to Josephine. I recollect two large vases for which Lord Harswood told me some rich manufacturer of Leeds had offered him £10,009, and been refused. The effect of the great half hung with china instead of pictures was exceedingly fine. The windows looked out on a terrace respicadent with flowers that rivalled the richest colors of the gallery. Nature and art reflected and receated each other.

One great lady had what she called her dairy house—I called it her Petit Trianon—craamented with rare specimens of faicnes; the china she kept for her boudoir. She gave me lessons in appreciation of the delicate art, and offered to take me in town to the shops where I could purchase excellent examples. But I was afraid to avait myself of the offer, for I had no

mented with rare specimens of fatence: the china she kept for her boudoir. She gare me lessons in appreciation of the delicate art, and offered to take me in town to the shops where I could purchase excellent examples. But I was afraid to avail myself of the offer. for I had no hundred thousand pounds a year with which to indulge the tempting taste. Adelaids Kemble Sartoris was another of my instructors, I romember her saying to me, as she showed me her porcelain from India and Saxony and Crete: "I have had my share of trouble in life, but my feeling for color has been a solace to me through it ail."

Sometimes of a morning there is a game of billiaris with the ladies. I once saw the daughter of an earl come out under the trees as early as noon with her cue in her hand, and call for brandy and soda, and nobody seemed surprised. As she drauk it off remarks were made by the young noblemen around, unmistable in meaning, and such as I never heard uttered before in the presence of a lady. The pictorial treasures of the great English houses are accessible to the public, but I once passed through a stately aste in which I was a stranger, and determined never to repeat the experience, for the houses, when I was a stranger, and determined never to repeat the experience, for the houses, was proposed to the ladies still littered the tables; the very books they had been reading were left unclosed, and I saw their rasting garments leaving by one door as I entered at another. The thought that I had driven the family from their own occupations or anosements marred all the pleasure I received. It happend a iew days afterward that I was invited to the same house, and I told the ladies how guilty I feit for my intrusion. But they forgave me.

For the high English are very generous about their works of art, their parks, their manalous, their historical collections. Nearly all give them up on one day of the week to the world. Thoy call it a "show day." the house is a "show house," and the same house, and their provide and they gre

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN ROME. Observation of the Day in the Catholic

Rome, July 5 .- It does an American heart good to witness the celebration of Independence Day in the capital of the Catholie world with the heartiness which the students of the American Cellege gave to it to-day. It was a characteristic gathering, honored by the presence of Cardinal Marzella, who glories in being an American officen, and who has left behind him in the United States so many admirers of his eminent virtues, his preeminent learning, and that gentle modesty which graces

o well the highest ecolesinstical dignity. In the seventy-five students of the college we had representatives of every State in the Union. The rector, Dr. O'Connell, is a Baltimorean; the vice-rector, Father Donsy, is from Boston, Among the guests were the Bishop of Albany and three of his most distinguished clerkymen, together with the Rev. Thomas Hudson of Gilroy, Cal., and two young gentlemen, graduates of Santa Clara College, Count Loderent, who is doing the Irish cause such good service in the Roman press, and Mesers. Foley of Baltimore and Haywood of Massachusetts

were among the laymen.

The dinner was a quiet one, though elegant, and admirably served. The Stars and Stripes adorned the refectory pulpit. After the usual grace and chapter from the Bible, students and guests conversed merrily while doing justice to the fare set before them. There are no toasts in community dinners of this kind.

The repast over, all repaired to the spacious hall of exercises, which had been appropriately decorated for the occasion. At one and were seats for the guests; at the other was a raised

decorated for the occasion. At one end were seats for the guests; at the other was a raised platform, in the centre of which stood on a pedestal the bust of Washington, and above it a large marble bust of Leo XIII., both wreathed in the Stars and Stripes. The students were seated on both sides of the hall.

As Cardinal Mazzella entered he was received with enthusiastic chapping of hands, which lasted some time. They are proud of this American Cardinal, these youths from the great republic of the West; for they know that the honors of the Roman burple were forced upon him, sadily against his wil, and in receptation of the great republic of the West; for they know that the honors of the Roman burple were forced upon him, sadily against his wil, and in receptation of the great services he had rendered to superior education by organizing the great central Jesuit beminary of Woodstock, Md., and by his scientific tabors on both sides of the Atlantic.

I heartily rejoice, for one, that our country has bere in the Sacred College, and resident in Rome, a man so well acquainted with our history and institutions, so heartily devoted to our best interests, and so well able to honor American citizenship by his acknowledged superiority. The lumble Jesuit, on whom his honors sit so uneasily, bowed his acknowledged ment again and again to the enthusiastic collegians, and then began a musical shortainment which we all enjoyed to the utmost. These young students sing and play wonderfully well. We had "The Red, White, and Run," admirably rendered by all these manly voices. Ah, it thrills every fibre of one's being to hear the songs of one's country, on the great feast of liberty, sung 5,000 miles from hone by the diffe of that country's youth. A solo given by a young priest with a magnificent bass voice clicited merited applause. Then there were one or two comic songs in perfect taste, which lightened the entertainment, and we had the "Star Spanzled Banner."

The whole concuded with a very near address to the Cardinal, which howe

cessful as such, Cardinal Mazzella is at home with young men.

As I looked on his yet youthful, handsome, and radiant countenance I thought that many things more unlikely would come to base than to have in this great and good man, an American citizen, one day seated in the chair of St. Peter. So grows, biossoms, and fructillos the true spirit of our great republic here amid the ruins of anciont flome and the changes wrought and contemplated by that spurious republicanism which scoffs at religion and authority.

wrought and contemplated by that spurious recombineanism which scoffs at religion and authority.

There is one other matter which I learned here on Independence Day, and the knowledge of which will gladden many hearts in America as well as elsewhere.

At length we are going to have in Rome a great school and a church dedicated to St. Patrick. When, under James I, and his son, the Irish Franciscans found a refuge in the Monastery and Church of St. Isidore, they were not tree to give to either the name of Ireland's patron scint. So was it when the National College for Training Irish Social Pricets was attached to the ancient Church of Sant Again and Gotthe. But now, in carrying out their plans for the "transformation" of Rome, the Piedmontese Government have dispossessed the Irish Augustinians of Santa Maria in Posterula, on the banks of the Tiber and nearly oppesite the Vatican. They wanted to disposses them without allowing the good Fathers and their scholars a single cent for disturbance; or for all the trouble and expense necessary toward finding a new home or building themselves one. They thought they were treating these good Irish priess senerously by not turning or for all the trouble and expense necessary toward finding a new home or building themselves one. They thought they were treating these one. They thought they were treating these good Irish priests generously by not turning them out on the street without ceremony, and by allowing them the mere estimated price of the brieks and mortar in the convent wails. I am not at liberty to say how that true representative of the Irish priesthood and Irish manhood—Father Givnn—obtained some sort of justice. At any rate, he is going to build on one of the most beautiful sites in Rome a new home for his brethren, who, by the way, have been from the bostinning, and are still, the apostles of Australia. There will rise on a portion of the once lovely villa Ludovisi a great Augustinian monastery, school, and church bearing the name of St. Patrick.

God prosper Father Giyon! It is a feast to see himself and his young men, magnificent specimens as they are of Irish intelligence.

It is a strangely providential concourse of circomstances which bring about such foundations as this. About 1456 years ago, St. Patrick, just after receiving episcopal consecration, and before starring on his accessful mission to Ireland, met in R methe great St. Augustine of hippo, whose rules of monastic life were already spreading from Africa to Italy and Gaul, and the Apostle of Ireland took with him and planted among his converts that form of asceticism of which the Augustinian rule is one of the most ancient and venerated types. How well the Ideal cherished by both Patrick and Augustine suited the generous and spiritual nature of the Celt the history of 1,500 years has fold.

And now the Sons of St. Augustine are going to rear in Rome a noble and lasting monument to the Apostle of Ireland. From it priessatrained to the highest learning and the highest trained to the highest learning and the highest reland, and return, some of the Celt the history of 1,500 years has fold.

And and return, some of them, to their native Green Isle to help complete the

ARREST OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN IN SPAIN.

Mis Claim for Damages-Views of the State Department.

New York, Jone 8, 1895. To the Ron. Thomas P. Bayard, Secretary of State, Watherington, D. C. SIR: I beg respectfully to place before you

the following statement, in order to make known to your department that my rights as a

known to your department that my rights as a citizen of the United States have been violated by the Spanish Government, and with your assistance and protection to press my claim for redress against the said Government.

I left the city of New York on the 7th day of December, 1884, for the purpose of rectuiting, by travelling, my health, which had been seriously impaired by severe illness. I was at the time of my doparture, and had been for several years prior thereto, engaged in the Dusliness of steward at the Hotel Espano), at Fourteenth street, in the said city. While travelling for the said purpose, I was on the 19th day of April, 1885, forcibly arrested at the town of Brible-sea, Provincia de Burnes, in the kingdom of Spain, by one is migico Teacy, Orters, an officer in the Spanish army. The reason for said arrest was stated by the said officer to be that of compelling my enlistment as a private soldier in the said arms. I was kest in close and strict physical imprisonment for eleven days and eleven nights, at the end of which time I was summered for the purpose of undergoing examination as a cresaid, and being found upon examination to be below the standard height accepted by the Spanish army. I was released on the Solid day of April, 1885. At the time of my arrest by the said elicer, I showed and displayed to him my certificate of naturalization, dated the 22d day of October, 1879, whereby it fully appeared that I was then, as I now am, a citizen of the United States of America, but the same was by min freated with utter indifference and disregard.

In consequence of said arrest, I become apprehensive that I might a tany moment be rearrested and compelled to onist, and serve as a private solder as afor-caid, in spice of my being under the standard height, I therefore deemed it alvisable to quit the said town as quickly as possible, and which was not provided with accommodations for passengers, and which bestides, was bound for the city of Boston, where I was objued to band, instead of the city of New York citizen of the United States have been violated by the Spanish Government, and with your as-

United States of America. Four obesists revealt.

Department of State.

We have been succeeded a consistency of the state.

We have been succeeded a consistency of the state of America of America. For the Broadway, New York.

Sile: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the Sth instant, in which you give details of your recent arrest in Spain, examination for the military service there, and declared exemption therefrom.

Before fully replying to your inquiries it is desired to know whether you are of Spanish birth, your age when you self Spanish, the date of y ar departure, and whether you were called upon to perform military duty before leaving Spain; asso in what court you were naturalized. Please send a copy of your naturalization certificate, and state whether you claim demands or meroly reparation for actual loss occasioned.

As you left the country voluntarily, after being exempted, your return voyage would not afford a just ground of any claim. I am, sir, your obodient servant.

New York, June 17, 1885.

New York, June 17, 1885.

Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State, Washing-

Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State, Warkington, B.C.

Sin: I have to acknowledge the receipt of bour letter of the 12th inst. In roply thereto I beg to state as follows:

First—I am of Spanish birth, having been horn at Torme Parrida de Vilareayo, Provincia de Burgos, Spain, on Sept. 23, 1847.

Second—I shad, therefore, be 38 years of age on the 23d day of September next.

Third—I lett Spain on the 12th day of October, 1866, and wont to the isand of Cuba, where I remained until the month of May, 1867, when I came to the United States.

Fourth—I had never at any time, provious to my seaving Spain, been called upon to perform military duty.

my leaving Spain, been called upon to pertoral military duty.

Fifth—I was naturalized in the Court of Common Fleas for the City and County of New York, as appears from the encosed certificate of naturalization.

Sixth—I claim damages for an unprovoked, deliberate, unjustifiable, and wanton arrest and imprisonment of my body and restraint of my liberty during coven days and cieven nights after I had openly displayed to the officer who arrested me the certificate enclosed, and made it known to him that I was an American citizen.

an citizen. I am pleased to be informed that your de-I am pleased to be informed that your department is of obtainen that, as I sett Spain
voluntarity without having been required to
perform military service, my return voyago
there "would not afford a just ground of any
claim to the Spanish (tovernment."
I claim filleen thousand donars (\$15,000) as
damages for the arrest and imprisonment to
which I have been subjected by the Spanish
Government as aforesaid. Your obsident servant.

Decorates of the August Spanish
Covernment as aforesaid.

vant,

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, 1

WASHINGTON, July 11, 1885. J

Lino Martiner, Enq. New Fork City

Sir: Acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 17th uttime, louching your arrest in Spain April 19 last. I have to say tent a copy of your letter and of your justice communication have been sent to the Minister of the tion have been sent to the Minister of the United States at Majorid, with a proper instruc-tion. Your certificate of naturalization has also been sent with a request for its rearn an due time. I am, sir, your obedient servant, T. F. Bayand,

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Aug. 24, 1855, Line Nartines, Eng., care Mr. A. Methado, 196 in oldaway. New Park Sin: Referring to your letters of the 8th and 17th June, I return herewith your certificate of

Siz: Referring to your letters of the Sth and 17th Jone, I return herewith your certificate of naturalization.

The Minister of the United States at Madrid has given special attention to your case, and reports that if the facts ore as aloged it is the conclusion of a high authority at Madrid that your inscrisonment was a bush violation of the law of individual guarantees, "as no person, whother sudget or foreigner, could be noted in confinement more than 72 hours without being brought before a tribuna to determine whether there was legal cause for arrest and further confinement; and for this disregard of the laws the official who caused the arrest was subject to a suit for face imprisonment."

The statement was also made to Mr. Foster that the laws provide ample remodus for all damages and injuries sustained by you, and that the tribunals are as open and free to foreigners as to subjects, and that your remedy is by a said for faise imprisonment (in Spain, in April, 1885, of which you commain) against the offending efficial or any other persons instruements in your arrest or confinement. I ample in the fail of the fail and that in your arrest or confinement. menta in your arrest or confinement. I am sir, your obedient servant. T. F. Bayand.

The Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State, Barking

to the Apostle of Ireland. From it priests trained to the highest learning and the highest trained to the highest learning and the highest trained to the highest learning and the highest pleating to bould up there a province of our greater Ireland, and return, some of them, to their native Groen Isle to help complete the realization of that Christian nationhood so foodly cherished by St. Patrick.

And so, those who labor to restore to Ireland her own, do more than help a great political by St. Patrick.

And so, those who labor to restore to Ireland her own, do more than help a great political to the tendence of the great they bely as well of toward the cause of God hero below.

Beinnand O'Reillay.

A clitican of this county was riding along, when his door that a supplied was well developed as to mouth, and soon his furnose barking of trailened the squires that it leaned from the squing and shot head-formost into his mouth just as in opened it to bark. The squired daspleaned disc as senious a upclied by the solidon should be solidon in the significant with the free immit did not set wall on the dog's internat economy. In a short time the squired was knewed in the free immit did not set wall on the dog's internat economy. In a short time the squired was knewed in the free immit did not set wall on the dog's internat economy. In a short time the squired was knewed in the free immit did not set wall on the dog's internat economy. In a short time the squired was heaved in the free immit did not set wall on the dog's internat economy. In a short time the squired was heaved in the free immit did not set wall on the dog's internat economy. In a short time the squired was heaved in the free immit did not set wall on the dog's internat economy. In a short time the squired was heaved in the free immit did not the squired was heaved in the squi

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